



MONSTERS! ALIENS! DEMONS! ZOMBIE DEAD!

# CREEPY

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OUT THERE...IN THE DARK...  
LURKING MONSTERS WAIT!  
BETWEEN HUMANITY  
AND DEATH STAND  
"THE IMAGINEERS!"

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# CREEPY

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ISSUE No. 80  
JUNE 1976

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**5 THE IMAGINEERS** Max the Monster fought the evil "things" in the dark of Benjamin's yard. But his Mom said there was nothing there. To prove it, she stepped outside...and into a raging war!

**11 SECONO GENESIS** Hamlyn was an orphan searching for his past. Janella was a lonely woman, hoping for a brighter future. The love they would find together would make past and future forever one!

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**48 THE LAST CHRONICLE** Charita had escaped...blown away in the balloon, "Icarus"...left Harnie alone. They tried to convince Bernie it was insane fantasy. Slowly, bit by bit, they were succeeding!

# Dear Uncle Creepy...



Wow! I'm really impressed! CREEPY #78 was a quick, cool masterpiece of comic bookery.

Your cover blurb offered "Vampires! Demons! Sorcerers! Barbarians! Aliens!" but not one vampire or alien appeared. Instead, we were offered ghouls, robots and psychotic killers aplenty! I, for one, do not object to this substitution, especially since it resulted in one literary gem after another!

Most of the stories in CREEPY #78 were neither science-fiction nor horror epics. They were in that inimitable Warren tradition, stories of human relationships past, present and future pushed to their limits. Warren's gripping stories, fantastic insights and imaginative art have created a whole new genre of comic tales! And a fabulous surprise for just about the first time in CREEPY history every story in the issue had a terrific ending!

If Edgar Allan Poe or H.P. Lovecraft were alive today, this is the type of story they'd be writing, and they'd be working for Warren Publishing!

Thomas Mitchell, in his letter in VAMPIRELLA #49, was talking about the need to coin a good name to denote this new, modern type of comic story. I agree. But whatever you call them, Warren's stories have completely evolved past the simplistic, poetic justice type of horror story Warren is onto something new and different!

With all this literary abundance, it didn't bother me that this was an uneventful issue of comic art woe.

I did, however, enjoy the work of newcomer Claude Molteni. He could easily develop into a great artist, working as he does in the intelligent, delineated style of Dick Giordano, with touches of early Bernie Kristberg, particularly in his faces and gestures.

I'd like to see work by him in future CREEPY issues!

**MICHAEL OLIVERI**  
Washington, DC

"CREEPY #78's most impressive tale was 'Creeps.' No shock! Archie Goodwin's masterful touch was everywhere evident.

But the story did contain one big surprise.

Who would have thought that art by John Severni and Wally Wood would look so much like the work of Ralph Reese?

**DICK HOWARD**  
Macon, Ga.

Art is one of the ways one person can communicate an idea or concept to another. Thus, the artwork in a magazine such as CREEPY is important.

Art must be, not only authentic in its representations, but it must be beautiful to the eye. Aurelian's art holds an inner beauty, one of real people. People you may meet in a store or subway in a great city. They don't have money or rich clothes, they simply exist, here, now.

I noted the lack of a tale by him in CREEPY #78, and I missed it. Whatever he does, he does well.

**CRAIG LITTLEFIELD**  
Wilkesboro, Ma

While #78 didn't match other recent issues in overall quality it did have one standout. That was "Creeps."

The theme of obsessive outrage over moral decline is not unfamiliar in Warren magazines. But presented by people as talented as Archie Goodwin and the newly discovered, if improbable, team of John Severni and Wally Wood, it became tremendously exciting.

Goodwin, obviously influenced by "Psycho" and the more recent slasher murders in Los Angeles, wrote an intense and chilling story, a story to be read and believed!

**GARY KIMBER**  
Ontario, Can

What CREEPY #78 lacked in quality it made up for in variety.

In many ways it seemed a showcase of varied formats for presentation of the horror/thriller mythology ("The Horseman"), science fiction ("Unreal"), psychological ("Creeps"), sensational ("Lord of Lazarus Castle"), abstract ("Nature of the Beast") and traditional ("God of Fear").

With the exception of "Creeps," the stories were typical, but not outstanding examples of their respective genres.

And, interestingly enough, for perhaps the first time, Warren readers can choose the types most to their liking and thereby set guidelines for the direction of future issues.

**BARRY ROBERTS**  
San Antonio, Cal.

I must say I'm really impressed by some of the material Warren has published recently. Each of your last three issues presented a story that reminds me of the excellent, quality stories from CREEPY's beginning.

"Lord of Lazarus Castle" in CREEPY #78, gave me that gothic, rainy-day feeling I used to get when I read Archie Goodwin's tales from the early CREEPY issues. The plot was interesting, imaginative, and fairly original, married only by a weak almost predictable, ending. Otherwise it was a very fine tale!

**ANTHONY PATRICK**  
Franklin, Ohio

I think it's about time due credit was given to Warren's production staff. The overall look of a magazine is as important as its contents, and this aspect is one of the things that puts Warren far ahead of the competition.

Takes for example the contents page. Not only is it original in layout and design, it is visually appealing. And this carries over to the letters and advertising sections as well. Instead of being distracting they are an integral part of the overall look of the magazine.

In their own way, Warren's production staff is as skilled at their craft as the writers and artists are at theirs!

**MANUEL PINA**  
New York, NY

Very rarely are setting and atmosphere used as effectively in a comic story as they were in Archie Goodwin's "Creeps." Had it taken place anywhere in the world but Times Square, the story would have lost a great deal of its impact. In fact, the location was as essential to the success of the story as Lester Finch's carefully developed, extremely neurotic character.

Maybe you have to live here to appreciate it, but Goodwin, with the masterful assistance of Wally Wood and John Severni, captured the feeling and flavor of Times Square. Portrayed with insight and intelligence, this realism added an additional dimension of believability to this frighteningly story!

**JO ANN HUNTER**  
New York, NY

CREEPY #78 was a mood issue.

Sanjivan, who created the man and monster painting, has done the last few CREEPY covers. As much as I like his work, I hope this does not mean Ken Kelly has left the fold. Kelly is one of my favorites!

"The Horseman" was the type of story I would expect to see in comics by other publishers, but it has no place in a Warren horror magazine! It wasn't frightening. It was silly!

"Unreal" was saved by Alex Toth's excellent artwork. The story was fine, up to the point where the main character, Baba Booze, turns out to be a robot dressed up as a human. This ending has been done to death!

Not only was the next story, "Creeps," the best story in the issue, it was one of the best stories ever to be published in a Warren magazine. It took me back to the early years of CREEPY when poetic justice was the central theme of your magazines and Warren stories had plots, stories with interesting beginnings, gripping middle and unsuspected endings!

**TIMOTHY BEER**  
Staten Island, NY

If anyone ever questioned Archie Goodwin's prescience to write the masterful stories that Warren readers recall so well, CREEPY #78 blasted such doubts.

"Creeps" was not only the best tale in a fine issue, it was the best handling of a psychological horror theme since "Psycho!" Overstatement? Not at all!

Consider the careful groundwork Goodwin laid for Lester Finch's obsession. One could literally feel Finch's compulsive neurotic, nervous fear of the "creepy" denizens of Manhattan. And Finch's homicidal obsession once acknowledged, overwhelmed the man with all of the irresistible force that compulsion entails. Let there be no mistake about it: Archie Goodwin can write!

Much of the credit for the immense impact of the story must also go to the artists. Although the team up of John Severni and Wally Wood seems unlikely, the pair turned in some of the most evocative art I've seen in years. It embodied the realism, power and cinematic quality that exemplifies graphic art at its best!

Congratulations. And thanks.

**ED O'REILLY**  
Ada, Ohio

## opinions? write...

**DEAR UNCLE  
CREEPY**

c/o Warren Publishing  
145 E. 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016

TO THIS VERY DAY I CAN'T SIT DOWN TO PLAY A FRIENDLY GAME OF CARDS WITH MY PALS...JUST NEVER LEARNED HOW. DON'T PLAY MONOPOLY OR RISK OR GO FISH OR EVEN CLUE.



I JUST NEVER HAD THE TIME TO LEARN THOSE CHILDHOOD GAMES WHEN I WAS A KID. I ALWAYS HAD SOMETHING ELSE TO DO.

I HAD MY ADVENTURE BOOKS AND MY ANCIENT TIN SOLDIERS.



I WAS NEVER AT A LOSS FOR ENTERTAINMENT, EXCEPT FOR WHEN MY MOTHER WOULD INTERRUPT...



...WHICH SHE CONSTANTLY DID, UNTIL THAT IS, THAT ONE NIGHT WHEN SHE WENT TOO FAR.

Benjamin  
Jones  
and the

# Imagineers





PLEASE, GOD,  
DON'T LET ANYTHING  
HAPPEN PLEASE, GOD?



GOD, I'M  
BEGINN' IN  
PLEASE??

I DON'T KNOW WHY I DIDN'T SIMPLY  
TELL MY FOLKS I'D BE MORE THAN  
HAPPY TO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE  
DURING THE DAYTIME... THAT ALL  
SORTS OF "THINGS" LURK  
AROUND IN THE DARK JUST  
WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO  
HAPPEN BY.



ONLY A FEW  
MORE SECONDS...

I GUESS I'D ALWAYS BEEN  
SCARED ENOUGH... AS LONG  
AS I HAD MY MACHINERY'S  
ALONG WITH ME.



YIKE!!

NARRRR!!

BUT THAT NIGHT, THEY'D DISARMED  
ME, MADE ME LEAVE MY MACHINERY'S  
INSIDE.



AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!

NARRRR!!

HALLPP!  
MOMMA! IT'S GOT  
ME! IT'S GOT  
ME!!

HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MY FINE BORNED REFLEXES AND  
LIGHTNING FAST REACTIONS, I WOULD HAVE NEVER  
MADE IT TO THE BACK DOOR AHEAD OF THAT HORRIBLE  
"THING." IT WAS A NEAR MISS, TOO NEAR.



OW, NOW! NO!  
WHY? WHY? OW!  
PLEASE, STOP!

SPAT,  
SPAT,  
SPAT,  
SPAT,  
SPAT!

I PROMISED YOUR FATHER  
THE NEXT TIME YOU STARTED  
SCREAMING ABOUT **MONSTERS**  
IN THE DARK, I'D TEAR UP  
YOUR **BACKSIDE!**

THIS IS FOR  
YOUR **DADDY GOOD!**



WELL, SHE'S **DOING IT**  
THIS TIME. I WAS  
GETTING TO FEEL ABOUT  
HER THE SAME WAY I  
FELT ABOUT THE **"DARK**  
**THINGS"** ABOUT THERE.



NOW I WAS NEVER  
REALLY SURE WHAT  
MY **IMAGINERS**  
**WERE**, OR **WHERE**  
THEY CAME FROM.  
ONE DAY I COULD  
FOUND THEM IN AN  
OLD ATTIC OVER  
ON WEST STREET.



AT FIRST I LIKED THEM BECAUSE THEY  
WERE SIMPLY NEAT LOOKING TIN  
SOLDIERS.

**BENJAMIN!** YOU  
GET YOURSELF RIGHT  
**BACK OUTSIDE!** YOU  
FORGOT TO BRING THE  
GARBAGE **BACK**  
IN!

DO GIFT  
IT! NOW!

DADDY!

BUT THEN... ONE DAY  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
**BULLY, PAT**  
CAL-BASTED WORKED  
HE OVER **PRETTY BAD.**



I WAS CRYING, LOOKING AT MY SOLDIERS, WISHING  
FOR A GIANT **MONSTER** TO SUDDENLY APPEAR  
AND GET REVENGE ON PAT. SUDDENLY THOSE  
STRANGE TIN SOLDIERS BEGAN TO **GLOW** AND...

WHEN IT WAS **DONE**...THE ADULTS CLAIMED  
A BOWING SNAKE OF **WILD DOGS** HAD CAUGHT  
PAT AND **HORROR** HIM **DEAD**. THAT'S WHAT  
THEY FIGURED...FROM WHAT THEY FOUND  
LEFT OF PAT.





CLAM CLAM! AMEEEE! YAAAA  
NARRR! AHHHHHHH  
SPRT?

BENJAMIN!  
HELPPP MEE!

IT WAS HARD TO KEEP  
THAT DOOR LOCKED. I  
KNEW WHAT SHE MUST'VE  
BEEN GOING THROUGH...  
BUT SHE JUST HAD TO  
UNDERSTAND MY POSITION.



DAD GOT HOME ABOUT AN  
HOUR LATER FROM HIS  
BUSINESS TRIP. I WASN'T  
WORRIED THOUGH...



COOKIES, ICE CREAM AND  
HOW ABOUT SOME ICE COLD MILK  
FOR MY BIG BOY?



...BECAUSE EVERYTHING HAD ENDED  
JUST FINE. MOMMY HAD BEEN MY  
POINT, SHE'D CERTAINLY COME TO  
UNDERSTAND THAT I WAS NOT BEING  
SILLY OR CHILDISH ABOUT "DAD"  
THINGS.



HEY! DADDY'S  
HOME! WHERE IS  
EVERY--

OHGOD!



YEAH IT WAS ALL GOING TO BE  
FINE NOW. OF COURSE DAD  
WAS GOING TO HAVE TO BE A  
LITTLE MORE UNDERSTANDING.  
BUT MY MAMMERS WOULD  
HELP HIM...

...JUST LIKE THEY HELPED MOM. I ADMIT I  
MAY HAVE BEEN A LITTLE SHOCKED AT HER  
CONDITION IN THE BEGINNING. BUT MY MAMMERS  
HELPED ME SEE MOM JUST LIKE I WANTED HER.

I COULD SEE SHE WAS BETTER THIS WAY. IN  
FACT, THEY HELPED HER BECOME THE PER-  
FECT MOM!



NOW ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TO  
TALK DAD OUT TO THE GARBAGE  
CAN AND SHOW HIM, WITH  
JUST A LITTLE IMAGINATION...  
HE'D MAKE A PERFECT DAD  
FOR SURE.

# SECOND GENESIS

## PART ONE: HAMLYN; 2076

IN THE PEAK OF THE SUMMER, 2076, I SAT ON THE HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING NORTH REED. THE CONDOMINIUMS PRESSED TOGETHER, LIKE THE WALLS OF A GREAT **BOOK**, ABSORBING HEAT AND ENERGY FROM THE PURPLE ARTIFICIAL SUN.

IT WAS ONLY THREE YEARS AGO THAT **MOGS** AND **LIZARDS** LEARNED TO COMMUNICATE TELEPATHICALLY WITH **HUMANS** AND BACK OTHER, SCIENCE AND LONG OBSERVED WARD TECHNIQUES OF MIND CONTROL, BEFORE SUPERIMPRINTING ON ANIMALS. FOR SOME REASON, CERTAIN SUB-SPECIES OF MOGS AND LIZARDS PROVED FAR MORE PSYCHICALLY ADEPT THAN MOST HUMANS.

FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN THESE ANIMALS AND THE RARE HUMAN TELEPATH WERE NO LONGER RARE.

BARNY THE MOUSE WAS FEELING LAZY, AND HUMMED AN OLD FOLK SONG WHILE I STROKED HIS SOFT WHITE FUR. WILLIE, THE LIZARD, DIDN'T SHARE OUR QUIESCENCE. HE COMPLAINED THAT HE HAD OTHER THINGS TO DO, BUT HE NEVER GOT UP TO DO THEM.



IT'S QUITE A WORLD ISN'T IT, WILLIE? WARM AND SAFE AS A MOTHER'S WOMB. SOMETHIN' IN DAYS LIKE THIS MAKES ME WONDER WHERE I CAME FROM... HOW I GOT HERE.

DON'T START THAT YAK-CRAP ABOUT YOUR PARENTS AGAIN, YOU WERE FOUND BY FRIENDLY FRED, THE USED ROCKET SALESMAN, THAT'S ALL. THE FAMILY YOU **NEED**.

FRED GAVE ME ALL HE COULD... A HOME, FOOD, AND EDUCATION... BUT THERE'S ONE THING HE CAN NEVER GIVE ME, **ROOTS**... A SENSE OF HAVING BEEN PART OF SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE.

I WAS ORPHANED SO YOUNG I HAVE NO MEMORY OF MY **REAL** PARENTS AT ALL. THEY MUST'VE DIED BEFORE THE **NEURO-PURIFIER** WAS INVENTED.

I DON'T KNOW WHO MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE EITHER, BUT DO YOU THINK I CARE? THEY WERE PROBABLY JUST STUPID **SALAMANDERS** FROM THE **EVERGLACES**.



WHY THEN  
DON'T YOU  
MOLLIFY  
INSTEAD OF  
SUBJECTING US TO  
THIS INCESSANT  
CHATTER ABOUT  
YOUR LOST  
CAY, OWDO?

BEHOLD, I DANCE  
YOUR SHAPPY BUTTER  
AS DULL AS YOU GET  
SOMETIMES, YOU'RE A  
BETTER  
CONVERSATIONALIST  
THAN ~~PAW-NOSE~~  
HERE.

BELOW, MUCH AS HE MAY  
HAVE APPRECIATED IT, HE  
GIVEN ME AN APOA, ONE  
THAT STAYED WITH ME ALL  
THE WAY TO FRIENDLY  
FOREIGN.

DREXEL, THAT'S JUST OFF INTERSTELLAR AVE. ANYWAY, ISN'T IT I GUESS IT'S OKAY... JUST DRIVE CAREFULLY.

FOR THE  
FEDERAL  
DEPT.

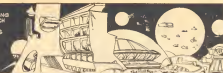
HE BARRLED ME BACK, APPROX. FIVE FEET OR  
ONCE DIDN'T CALL HIM DAD. I COULDN'T,  
EVEN AFTER HE TOLD ME MY REAL FATHER  
DIED, WHILE MY MOTHER WAS STILL  
DISCREPANT WITH ME.

WE SAID BOOOOON TO FUEL AND STARTED FOR DRESEL. THE SHUTTLECRAFT RODE LIKE A MONSOON IN A TEMPEST ("ONLY DRIVEN BY A LITTLE OLD LADY FROM MARS ON WHEELS"), NEARLY TOOK THE CUSTOMERS

ON WELL, IT'D GET US  
WHERE WE WANTED TO  
GO. DEAD OR ALIVE WAS  
SOMETHING ELSE.

WE FINALLY ARRIVED WITH EVERYTHING  
INTACT... EXCEPT OUR **AGENTS**... WHICH  
HAD LODGED SOMEWHERE IN OUR  
THROATS DURING THE FUSE, WILLIE'S  
RUPRANT SUGGESTION KEPT  
REPLAYING IN MY MIND.

THEY MUST HAVE READ IT, BUT THEY  
SAID NOTHING.



I TRIED TO CONCENTRATE ON THE TAGSANT, BUT  
IT JUST DIDN'T SEEM THE SAME SINCE **JEFF**  
HARRIS RETIRED LAST YEAR...

THAT MS.  
TRISTA HAS THE  
KIND OF **FUR** I'D  
LOVE TO RUN MY  
CLAWS THROUGH!

YOU MUST BE  
**BLIND**, MOUSE, WITH  
A SET OF SCALES  
LIKE MS. XARKUS,  
YOUR SHAGGY  
**SNE-RAT** DOESN'T  
STAND A CHANCE!



...AND THE WINNER  
IS... **MS. FELONNA!**

CHIEF,  
CHIEF!

SHE MUSTA  
LIFTED HER TAIL  
FOR THE  
JUDGES!



VOLUNTEER FOR THE GOVERNMENT'S  
TIME TRAVEL EXPERIMENT... JOURNEY  
BACK A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, FIND  
OUT WHAT SORT OF MAN MY FATHER  
WAS AND HOW HE **DIED**... AND WHY  
MY MOTHER ABANDONED ME!

WE WERE HOPING IF WE  
IGNORED YOU LONG ENOUGH  
YOU'D TALK YOURSELF OUT  
OF IT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'RE DUMBER THAN  
WE THOUGHT.

IS THERE ANYTHING  
WRONG WITH WANTING  
TO GO BACK... TO FIND  
ONE'S **ROOTS**?



ONLY WHEN YOU THROW AWAY A **PRESENT** AND A  
**FUTURE** TO DO IT, THE WAY I SEE IT, WE WERE ALL PUT  
HERE FOR A REASON, AND YOU AINT NEVER GONNA FIND  
OUT THAT REASON BY LIVING SOMEONE ELSE'S  
LIFETIME.

YOU'RE AN **INFULLT**  
PHILOSOPHICAL  
FOR A **MOUSE**.

MY FATHER  
WAS A **THEOLOGIAN**...  
A **CHURCH-MOUSE**.



AND WHAT WAS  
MY FATHER **BARNBY**?  
WAS HE A **THEOLOGIAN** TOO?  
OR A **GAMBLER**, OR A  
**DOCTOR**, OR A **BUTCHER**,  
OR A **DRAW QUEEN**? I'VE  
GOT TO **KNOW**!



IT WAS NEARLY THREE MONTHS BEFORE I SAW BARNEY AND WILLIE AGAIN, AGAINST THEIR WISHES AND PRIDE'S. I ENLISTED IN THE **MRTT** (MOUTH REUSE TIME-TRAVEL PROGRAM), AND UNDERWENT NINE WEEKS OF EXTENSIVE TRAINING IN PREPARATION FOR MY CAREER AS A CHRONONAUT.

THOSE **EARLY** EXPERIMENTS HAD PROVED HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL, GERBILS WERE TRANSPORTED **FIVE YEARS** INTO THE PAST, OUT OF SEVEN, **SIX** RETURNED ALIVE.

DON'T ASK ME **WHY**, BUT I WAS SELECTED FOR THE **LANDMARK ASSIGNMENT**, NOT ONLY WOULD I BE THE FIRST **HUMAN** TO EXPERIENCE TIME TRAVEL, BUT MY **DEPARTURE** WAS 100 YEARS AGO... 1976 OR SO THEY THOUGHT.

I HAD OTHER PLANS.

A SIMPLE READJUSTMENT OF THE **CONTROLS** AND I WOULD TRAVEL ONLY **TWENTY YEARS** INTO THE PAST. I WOULD THEN DO WHAT NO MAN HAD DONE BEFORE. I WOULD WITNESS **MY OWN BIRTH** AND LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT **MY HERITAGE**!

THE DAY CAME, SO DID BARNEY AND WILLIE, ON THE AFTERNOON **BEFORE** THE SCHEDULED TEST.

WELL, I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I RETURN, WISH ME LUCK.

THIS IS **US** YOU'RE TALKING TO, REMEMBER THE ORIGINAL **AND** READERS! WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **PLANNING** AND IT'S **DANGEROUS**.

EVEN IF YOU SURVIVE THE **JOURNEY**, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE **MRTT** PEOPLE FIND OUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE? THEY WON'T EXACTLY WELCOME YOU BACK IF YOU FOUL UP THEIR TEST.

WILLIE, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU HEARD SOMEONE SAY "IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN..."?

I DO HAVE THAT CHANCE I'M GOING TO MAKE THE **BEST** OF IT - CONSEQUENCES BE DAMNED.

AND I THOUGHT **HUMANS** WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE **INTELLIGENT** SPECIES.

THE NEXT DAY EVERYTHING WENT OFF AS **PLANNED**.

## PART TWO: JANELLA; 2045

AUTUMN IS ONLY A FEW DAYS AWAY. I CAN FEEL IT. I SIT HERE FOR HOURS, WATCHING THE LEAVES SUBTLY CHANGE COLOR, AND LISTENING TO THE WINDS STIR IN THE SKY. I FEEL TIME PASSING AS IF I WERE FLOATING ON IT, AND I LOOK FORWARD TO THE NEW SEASON.

THEY'VE TOLD US THAT IN A FEW YEARS, THERE WILL BE NO SEASONS... THAT AN ARTIFICIAL SUN WILL CONTROL THE CLIMATE. SAD THAT AFTER CENTURIES OF FAITHFUL SERVICE, **ANOTHER NATURE'S** BEING FORCED INTO **RETIREMENT**.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I SENSE SOMETHING **MORE** THAN THE COMING OF AUTUMN. THERE IS SOME **COSMIC ADVENTURE AFOOT**, SOME FANTASTICAL **EVENT** THAT IS MAKING THE UNIVERSE SWELL WITH EXCITEMENT.

MOTHER TELLS ME I'M **CLAIRVOYANT** BUT I DON'T THINK SO. JUST **AWAKE**.



SUDDENLY THERE IS **LIGHT**, WHITER THAN A BRIDAL GOWN, **MORE BRIGHT** THAN A BILLION SUNS. BUT IT IS A SPECIAL LIGHT, A PURE LIGHT. IT DOES NOT **BLIND** ME.



WHEN IT FADES, IT LEAVES IN ITS WAKE A **GLIM** PERHAPS SOMETHING **MORE** THAN A MAN.

W-WHO ARE YOU?

2045. BUT WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

I AM HAMLIN. WHAT YEAR IS THIS?

I COME FROM WHERE YOU ARE GOING.





ARE THINGS SO **BAD** THERE YOU HAD TO TURN **BACK**?

I CAME HERE TO **FIND** SOMETHING, NOT **LOSE** SOMETHING. HOW CAN A MAN WITHOUT A **PAST** EXPECT TO HAVE A **FUTURE**?

I TOOK HIM HOME AND INTRODUCED HIM TO MY **MOTHER** AS A STRANGER FROM ANOTHER CITY. I PERSUADED HER TO ACCEPT HIM AS A **LOOSER**.



THE ENGLISH WEEKS REVEALED A STRANGE, LACONIC MAN PRONE TO **MOODINESS** AND OCCASIONAL DISPLAYS OF **TEMPER**. OFTEN I WOULD ASK HIM ABOUT HIS **WOMEN**. ALWAYS HE ANSWERED, "I **WANT** NONE".



HE WAS, HE TOLD ME, SEARCHING FOR THE FAMILY HE NEVER KNEW. NO NAMES, NO FACES, BUT SOMEHOW HE VOWED HE'D DISCOVER THEIR **IDENTITY**.



HE WOULD, SOMETIMES DISAPPEAR FOR DAYS MAKING INQUIRIES IN THE CITY, BUT CAME HOME FRUSTRATED AND DISAPPOINTED. HE TOOK "PHOTOGRAPHS OF EVERYONE HE MET AND STUDIED THEM, SEARCHING FOR THE SLIGHTEST **RESEMBLANCE**."



BUT AS TIME GREW SHORTER, HE MET NO **SUCCESS**.

FRED FOUND ME IN JULY, 2046... THAT'S ONLY **TEN MONTHS** AWAY. IF I HOPE TO WITNESS MY OWN BIRTH I HAVE LESS THAN A YEAR TO FIND OUT WHO MY PARENTS ARE...

... AND NOT THE SLIGHTEST **CLUE**!





IT DIDN'T HAPPEN THE WAY I  
ALWAYS IMAGINED. THERE  
WAS NOTHING GAZELLING OR  
ROMANTIC IN HIS KISS.



I DON'T EVEN THINK HE  
CARED ABOUT ME. HE JUST  
NEEDED SOMEONE TO HOLD  
AND COMFORT HIM AND I  
HAPPENED TO BE THERE.

I WASN'T COMPLAINING,  
I GUESS. I NEEDED IT TOO.

WHEN WE FINALLY MADE LOVE, THE  
PAST AND FUTURE MERGED INTO  
A BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.



BUT WHILE TIME MAY BE TRAVELLED,  
IT CAN NEVER BE STOPPED... MOMENTS  
ARE NOT CAPTURED, ONLY REPEATED.

NOW JUST AS I HAD THAT AFTERNOON...  
WAS IT TWO MONTHS AGO?... I FELT  
THE FUTURE COMING.



NEITHER OF US SPOKE. I WAS  
SIMPLY TOO REMATISED.  
HAWKIN ACTED AS THOUGH HE'D  
BEEN EXPECTING THIS FOR SOME  
TIME, BUT IT DIDN'T KEEP HIM  
FROM SWAWING.



YOU WERE A FOOL TO THINK  
YOU COULD ESCAPE. YOU  
COMMITTED AN ACT OF SABOTAGE,  
TANTAMOUNT TO TREASON,  
AGAINST THE NRTR.

DID YOU REALLY  
THINK THEY WOULD  
ALLOW YOU TO ROAM  
THE PAST  
UNDISTURBED?



AAARRRGH!

BIAN

NO!



NO NEED TO RUN, WOMAN.  
YOU SHALL NOT BE MADE TO  
SUFFER FOR ANY CRIME I  
HAVE DONE WHAT WAS  
DEMANDED OF ME... IT  
IS ENOUGH.

AS I STOOD, STARING DOWN AT THE  
BACKEN BODY OF MY LOVER, TIME  
AGAIN CAME TOGETHER IN ONE  
ETERNAL MOMENT. I HAD SEEN THE  
FUTURE COME BACK AND TAKE AWAY  
MY PRESENT...

...AND IN MY DREAMS,  
I FELT THE FIRST  
STRENGTH OF A  
RECENT PAST.

### PART THREE: EPILOGUE: 2040

HE'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL, BOY-CHILD.  
IT'S A SHAME I CANNOT ASSESS HIM.  
BUT HE SHALL AT LEAST BEAR HIS  
FATHER'S NAME.

I TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO THE POLICE  
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO  
HAWLYN, BUT THEY DON'T BELIEVE  
ME. ASSASSINS DO NOT JUST  
APPEAR OUT OF NOTHINGNESS...  
KILL A MAN, THEN HAWLYN ASKED,  
THEY SAID.

SOMETIMES I THINK THEY ARE RIGHT.

THEY STATED MY EXECUTION  
UNTIL AFTER THE CHILD WAS  
DELIVERED, AND I PROMISED ME IT  
WOULD BE WELL CARED FOR.  
AFTER THE SENTENCE WAS CARRIED  
OUT, I DON'T BELIEVE THEM.

WITH THE HELP OF A SYMPATHETIC  
RANDOM GUARD, I SNAUGLED THE  
CHILD OUT. BUT TO WHERE? I HEAR  
I'LL NEVER KNOW.

I SWEAR HE WOULD NEVER KNOW  
THE AGONY OF AN OVERWHELMING OF  
ASYLUM... RATHER WOULD I TRUST  
THE FATES TO FIND HIM A GOOD AND  
SECURE HOME...

YET IN MY LAST HOURS, AS I SIT HERE  
ALONE IN MY CELL, I CAN'T HELP BUT  
WONDER WHAT HE WILL GROW UP TO  
BE. BUT SOMEWHERE INSIDE, I GUESS  
I ALREADY KNOW...

...THAT THIS DRAMA HAS BEEN PLAYED  
BEFORE, AND THE FATHER, AND THE  
SON ARE FOREVER ONE.

YOU REMEMBER MONTESBANK, GENTLEMEN... THAT RASCALLION SCOUNDRELL WHO SAUCK INTO YOUR HOMES IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, **PIG PENDING** YOUR VILLAGES AND **POUNDERING** YOUR HOMES UNTIL THE SLEPT, INNOCENT AND UNARMED.

THAT THIEVING ACCORD A SMALL **FORTUNE** IN OTHER MEN'S WEALTH. HE WAS BRAVE ENOUGH TO **BRAVE** OF HIS SKILLFULNESS, AND BLENDING MANY A FEMINE REPUTATION BY TELLING OF **MOLES** AND **BEAUTY MARKS** IN THE MOST PRECIOUS OF PLACES.

ANOTHER TANKARD OF ALE FOR OUR SILENT STORYTELLER, THATCHER... HE'LL NEED IT TO WASH DOWN THE LIES HE'S ABOUT TO CONCOCT.

NONE COULD EVER **PROVE** OLD MONTESBANK GUILTY. HE BOASTED THAT **NO ONE** WOULD EVER CATCH HIM IN HIS FLYING... AND **NOBODY** MORE DID... **SAVE ONE.**

THE COMMON SCHEM THAT MONTESBANK WAS A **PROVERB**... A KNAVE AND A ROGUE. BUT HE WAS A **SPORTSTER** AS WELL, ALWAYS READY TO CHALLENGE A **DAVE**.

"ONE NIGHT... HIS **LAST** WITH US, MONTESBANK'S HEADSMASHED INTO ONE GENTLEMAN IN RASCALLER, WHO'S QUICK-THOUGHT CONDUCTED AN **INCOMPARABLE** TRUMP FOR THE IMPUDENT SCOUNDREL."

SO IT WAS **YOU** WHO STOLE MY WIFE'S SILVER BROACH LAST NIGHT, KERMIS...

... YOU WHOSE **CARESS** SHE FELT IN THE DARKNESS.

AYE, AND 'TIS A **FAINE** BODY THE **NO** WITH MRS. DUN, YOU CAN BE **PROUD**.

YET, **ALAS**... THE LAW PROCLAIMS ME **INNOCENT** OF ANY CRIME UNLESS THERE IS **IRREFUTABLE** PROOF OF MY GUILT.

AND UNFORTUNATELY, I LEFT **NO PROOF** BEHIND! **WELL, WELL!**

AY, MONTESBANK... WHAT IS PROOF AMONG FRIENDS, EN? WE NEED **NO EVIDENCE** OF YOUR CRIME. WE KNOW YOU ARE THE **BEST** THIEVING RO IN ALL OXFORDSHIRE.

THAT IS WHY I HAVE A **PROPOSITION** FOR YOU.

A PROPOSITION?

"IF YOU MAY BE THE BEST AND BRAVEST  
FIGHTER AROUND, BUT I'LL WAGER THAT  
EVEN YOU HAVE NOT THE COURAGE TO  
OPEN THE GORGE'S MOST COVERT  
TREASURES..."

"...THE MAGIC RING IN THE GRAVE OF  
SHEBA, THE WITCH WOMAN."

# The Fable of BALD SHEBA and MONTEBANK the ROGUE!



IT'S SAID THAT THE EVERALD GORGE WAS  
THE SOURCE OF SHEBA'S DEEPEST ANGER.  
WITH IT, SHE TRANSFORMED THE WINDY DUNNISH  
TOWNSMAN INTO A ROAMED ROAD, AND  
THREATENED TO MAKE THE BLOSSOMERS  
WIFE A SOW.

MONTEBANK'S FATHER, JACK CORN

"AND WHEN SIDDORARD, THE BARBER, RAN  
INSANELY AWAY, ATTACKING SHEBA WITH  
HIS RAZOR, THE WITCH WOMAN HAD HER  
MOST MISERABLE REVENGE."

THE STORY GOES THAT SHEBA HAD BEEN WALKING FIRST SIDDORARD'S  
SILENCE WHEN PEVER TOOK HOLD OF THE POOR MAN'S BRAIN. HE  
LEAPED THROUGH THE WINDOW, BLASTING SANGUINELY AT THE  
OLD WITCH



"PUNING HER TO THE STREET, HE SHAVED HER HEAD BALD...AND  
WHEN HE WAS COMPLETED, UNLATCHED HER BLOOD-RED DYING FORM.  
EVEN AS THE HORRIFIED CITIZENS OF SIDDORARD GORGE LOOKED ON

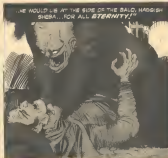
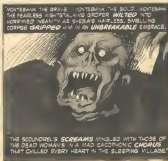
"WHEN THE CONSTABLES ARRIVED AT LAST TO DRAG SIDDORARD  
AWAY, SHEBA YET HAD ENOUGH LIFE WITHIN HER TO CAST A  
FINAL SPELL...TURNING THAT PART OF POOR SIDDORARD THAT  
CAUSED HER THE MOST EMBARRASSING DAMAGE, INTO STONES"



THE RAVING BARBER SPENT THE REST OF HIS  
DAYS IN THE MADHOURS, FENCING THE SMALL  
STATUE SHEBA HAD REQUESTED HIM AND DOCKING  
WISDOMLY OF A HORRIBLY LARGE HOLE HE HAD  
PUNED INTO THE WINDY GORGE

MONTEBANK'S FATHER, JACK CORN

"SHEBA'S FINAL HORSE WERE A CORPSE ON ALL  
MEN WHO COVETED HER MAGNIFICENT BODY AND HER  
POWERFUL RUGGERS. THE WHO DARED TOUCH THE  
HAND WITH THE MYSTIC DASHALD WILL LIVE IN MY  
CORN BESIDE ME, UNTIL THE SUN CEASES TO  
RISE."









"I'VE NEVER DARED MOUNT THE GHOST STORY IN THE FINE BUSINESS OF NIGHT, BUT WITH THE DAMN GHOST THING, WHO KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND PERFORMERS STILLED CORPSES."

THE BEST THAT CAN BE SAID FOR HIM IS THAT HE WAS A FOOL TO DEFEY SHEBA.



LOOK AT HIM! DEAD FROM FRIGHT AS SURELY AS HE'S SEEN THE GHOST OF THE WITCH WOMAN HERSELF.

AND YET... JIMMY DID SHE NOT TAKE HIM, TOO, INTO HER CORM?!



PERHAPS IT'S ALREADY A BIT CROWDED DOWN THERE, BURGOMASTER.

OR MAYBE SHEBA JUST WANTED TO BE ALONE WITH MONTESBANK!

WHATEVER THE REASON, SHE WOULDN'T ALLOW THIS ONE TO GET AWAY. JUST LOOK AT THE WAY SHE FINISHED POOR MONTESBANK AT HER GRAVE.

...AND WITH HIS OWN SWORD!





IN 1873, A BALTIMORE, MARYLAND SALON PHOTOGRAPHER EXPOSED TEN 8X10 INCH GLASS NEGATIVES OF THIS FORMAL "SITTING" IN VARIOUS POSES AND GROUP COMPOSITIONS.

THE FORMIDABLE GENTLEMEN WHO WERE HIS SUBJECTS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE FOREBODING AND PATIENT...

...FOR, SAVE ONE, ALL WERE QUITE DEAD!!



STORY AND ART: ALKA TOTÉ

SOME MONTHS BEFORE THIS BRAZEN EVENT THE SALON PHOTOGRAPHER IN QUESTION WHILE CONDUCTING A SERIES OF PROTRACTED TESTS AND EXPERIMENTATIONS ON A SUBJECT WHOSE NAME HE WANTED TO IMPRESS HIS GRASP AS WILL AS ADVANCE THE STATE OF THE ART, ITSELF...AND MADE AN ASTONISHING AND RADICAL DISCOVERY!

ONE THAT WOULD, IN FACT, REVOLUTIONIZE HIS CHOSEN MEDIUM, AND HIS LIFE... WOULD NOT HIM FEARLESS, HE WAS AN INVENTOR OF HIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE INVENTION!

BEFORE ANY OF THIS COULD BE PUT INTO PRACTICE HIS END THROUGH FORTUNE, LOGICAL REASON... THROUGH A PATENT ATTORNEY!

AND WHERE? WHY, IN...



IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT, GIRL! BUT NOW YOU'VE APPOINTED ME! I'VE GOT TO GO AND COME BACK FOR IT, AND AN INTERVIEW, AT 5 PM...TWO PM TOMORROW?

I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T DO THAT! I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE PATENT ATTORNEY! GOODBY!





IT WAS THREE  
IN THE MORNING  
WHEN BARTON  
DIX LEFT...AS  
DISCREETLY...  
AS POSSIBLE...  
HE WANTED TO  
BE AWAY FROM  
HIS DEE! BY  
NOW DIX WAS  
TOTALLY AND  
IRREVOCABLY  
IN LOVE!



NEXT DAY:  
ACCORDING TO  
THE PROMISE  
HE HAD GIVEN  
BARTON DIX,  
STOCKED BY THE  
CHIEFS OF THE  
BOTTING CO. OF THE  
ELABORATE  
DISCORD HE'D  
BROUGHT WITH  
HIM TO NEW YORK!  
THE CLERK WAS  
NOT AT HIS DESK  
AND WHEN DIX  
ARRIVED HE  
HEARD LAUGHTER  
IN THE INTERIOR  
OF THE OFFICE...AND  
NAME MENTIONED!

DIX'S FACE  
FLUSHED IN  
FUROR AND  
HE TURNED  
UNHEARD...  
AND LEFT  
THE OFFICE!  
BITTER BILE  
GULLED HIS  
GLOUED HIS  
BLACKENED HIS  
HEART FOR  
THEY HAD  
BETRAYED  
HIS TRUST!

THE FIFTY GAMBLES! AND HERE, TOO!  
SO... I'M JUST MIDDLE-CLASS  
BURNING GETTING PLUCKED BY  
THE BIG CITY SLICKERS, EH?  
WELL, WE'LL SEE, GENTLEMEN!



HAAAA! DIX  
PELL FOR RUBY  
'LOOK-LIKE AND  
SINKER!' EVEN  
SENT FLOWERS  
TO HER PLAT THIS  
MORNING!  
LOUHANNAH! JH!  
HAHAHAHA!

RUBY ALWAYS  
WINS OVER THE  
SUACKERS WITH  
HER DAUGHTER!  
ACT! WHO'S  
WORTH TWICE  
WHAT WE PAY  
HER...!



SATURDAY  
BRINGS THE  
THREE MEN  
TO BARTON  
DIX'S OFFICE  
WHERE HE  
WILL ONLY  
WELCOMES  
THEM INTO  
HIS STUDIO!



GOD  
DIX!

I GOT THAT  
YOUR LOVELY  
'DAUGHTER'  
COULDN'T  
BE HERE  
LOOK...  
PITY!

IN WORDS OF  
THIS SPECIAL  
OCCASION...I  
HAVE BROUGHT  
SOME FINE  
BRANDY...

AND LATER, WHEN  
YOU'RE 'RELEASED',  
WE'LL HAVE YOU  
POSE FOR A FEW  
EXPOSURES!

BRANDY,  
MY BOY!



SHE SAYS  
THAT SHE  
WANTS  
THIS WAY!

NICE  
PITY  
YOU  
HAVE  
HERE,  
DIX!

WE'LL HAVE  
YOUR  
GOLD-GOLD  
SPEAKING  
WHEN WE  
LACE-WE  
USE-OF YOUR  
INVENTION!



TO BARTON  
DIX AND HIS  
INGENIOUS  
INVENTIONS,  
SUCCESS!

TO SUCCESS!

HEAR, HEAR!

THANK  
YOU ALL!  
AND NOW  
A THOUGHT  
TO MISS  
'DEE!'



WAS A  
BIT OF AN  
'EDGE'!  
TO IT, EH,  
FIELD?

MAMA...  
IS SHE WAS  
A GOOD  
'REAR,'  
THOUGH!  
OOD!

DIX LOOKED UP,  
INTO HIS WALL  
MIRROR, AND  
SMILED AT HIS  
REFLECTION. A  
MUSK-SCENTED  
BUSHY AT HIM!  
HE'D DONE IT!  
ALL THREE OF  
THEM STRIPPED  
KNESLY FROM  
THEIR BRANDY  
'SNIFTERS' AND  
EACH ONE WAS  
CONTENT WITH  
A SLOW-ACTING  
POISON WHICH  
WOULD KILL IN  
HALF AN HOUR!



'DIE' (RUBY), THEIR  
WIFE ACCORDINGLY HAD  
WISHED HIM-UPPER  
TOOTH BUT THERE  
WOULD BE NO FARE  
WOULD PAY FOR THEIR  
DUPPLICATION, INDEED!  
HE'D SHOW AND TELL  
THEY ALL ABOUT HIS  
TASTY SENSATIONS  
THAT THEY COULD  
WOULD NOT LEAVE HIS  
SNUO... FOR THEY  
WOULDN'T ENJOY  
EXCEPT AS COPIES!  
THEN HE'D BE FREE  
TO ENJOY THE  
AID OF MORE ETHICAL  
PATENT ATTORNEYS!

BARON DIX  
EMERGED THE  
FIRST AGAIN  
QUICK HIGH  
RATES  
EXPLAINING-

"WHEREAS CURRENT  
EMULSIONS REQUIRE  
LONG 15 TO 60 SECOND  
EXPOSURES TO FULLY  
RECORD AN IMAGE, MY  
'FAST' FILM CONTAINING  
NEEDS ONLY 1/100TH  
OF A SECOND..."

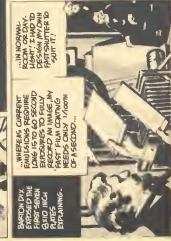
"...IN NORMAL  
ROOM OR DAY-  
LIGHT, I HAD TO  
DESIGN MY OWN  
FAST SHUTTER TO  
'SHUT IT'!

I'LL ROSE  
WITH YOU IN  
THESE NEXT  
EXPOSURES,  
USING THE  
ATE PREFRAME  
BULB!

THERE! IN A  
BLINK, WE'RE  
RECORDED  
FOREVER!

AMAZING!

YES! (WHIM-  
MY) (WHIM-  
CRAMPS...!!)



THE CON-  
SIDERABLE  
DIX BEYOND'S  
LIFE, THEN,  
THE OTHERS  
PASSED ON  
SILENTLY!  
DIX ROKED  
WITH THEM IN  
IRONIC MUTE  
VENGEANCE...  
AND IN HIS  
PARADOXIC  
PROCESSING HIS  
NEGATIVES  
INTO POSITIVE  
PAPER PRINTS  
OR-SPEAKING  
FULL COLOR!

I'VE DONE  
WHAT NO ONE  
ELSE HAS DONE,  
OK, WILL GO IN  
THE NEXT FIFTY  
YEARS!



YOU THREE  
AND YOURS  
ARE OF ALL ITS  
REMARKS...!  
IT'D WORKED  
OUT EVERY  
DETAIL... THE  
EMULSION...  
SPEED...  
CORRODITE  
COUPLERS...

...EVEN PRINTING INKS AND A SCORING PROCESS FOR THE  
MECHANICAL REPRODUCTION OF MY TRANSPARENTS  
ON PAPER... BUT I'LL BE LIVING AND  
EVEN NEWSPAPERS... I ENJOY THE  
AND THAT'S HOW I'LL ENJOY THE  
RICHES... ALONE! I'LL NEVER  
TRUST A PATENT ATTORNEY  
AGAIN! I'LL NOT SIGN AWAY  
MY CREATION TO ANYONE!



BUT IN THE  
DARKROOM  
... A FALSY  
GWS LIGHT  
FUTURE AND  
OPEN TRAYS  
OF HIGHLY  
CONSISTENT  
UNSTABLE  
MIXTURE  
NODIOUS AND  
FUMES AND

BARON DIX... ALL OF HIS  
PRIVATE RECORDS AND  
PRINTS-HIS STUDIO HOME...  
AND THE MEMBERS OF  
COZZANI, FIELD AND  
BRANT PATENT ATTOR-  
NEYS... CAME TO AN ABSURD,  
QUITE FITTING END ON  
A QUIET TULE STREET  
IN BALTIMORE...  
-SEPTEMBER 3<sup>RD</sup> 1913,  
IN A FASHION THAT IS  
PROOF POSITIVE  
THAT CRIME, HOWEVER  
JUSTIFIED IT MAY  
SEEM, DOES NOT PAY!

# KABOOM!!!



AIN'T IT JUST LIKE A DREAM  
THAT COMES...



...ONLY WHEN YOU'RE BLIND?



AIN'T IT JUST LIKE INSANITY TO...

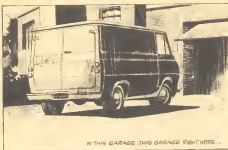


# AIN'T IT JUST LIKE the NIGHT









HERE NOW... **BEHOLD THE CROWNING GARBAGE... THERE IS LIFE! TRAPPED... HELD SUSPENDED... TRANSFIXED!**



**LIFE! SPECIMENS RANGING FROM THE TINIEST AND MOST INSIGNIFICANT...**

**...AND THE DOMESTICATED SHADES BETWEEN!**



**ALL ACTIONS ARE QUITE WELL REPRESENTED.**



**ANSWER ME!**



**...TO THE MOST VAUNTED AND ELEVATED...**





YESTERDAY'S LIFE... LIFE TO BE CURTAILED THIS SPECIAL NIGHT... WILL BE REKINDLED...

SOME OTHER LONG DEBATE NIGHT... SOME VERY SPECIAL MORNING.

HUMAN LIFE IS A RARE AND WONDERFUL GIFT I HAVE LEARNED... AND IT MUST NOT BE WASTED AWAY IN A BATH OF NUCLEAR FIRE

THE TIME OF FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE... HEAT WITH MORE HEAT... IS FINISHED. IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING... SAVE TO BRING ON THE IMPENDING HOLOGRAST!

NOW IT IS TIME TO COOL THAT FIRE WITH ICE... THE ICE OF CRYONICS!

FOR YOU WILL BE FROZEN SOON... YOU WILL SLEEP AND IT WILL BE JUST LIKE THE NIGHT YOUR LIFE SUSPENDED... HELD IN CHECK... DEFENDING TIME.

SO COLD SO VERY COLD

THERE IS A SMOTHERED RUSH NOW THE MAJESTIC SURGE OF GLACIERS... THE SERENITY OF COLD... OF ENCRDCHING SLEEP.

AND WHEN THE RADIATION FROGS DEplete THEMSELVES... CAN CONSUME NO MORE... YOU WILL BE REVIVED...

...DRAWN FROM THIS ARTIFICIAL WINTER TO BRING A NEW DAWN TO A DESOLATED PLANET!

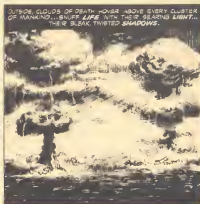
NOW THE SOUNDS ARE SOFT, THE HUM AND THROB OF EFFICIENT REFRIGERATION UNITS... AND A SONOROUS VOICE BEGINS ITS MELANCHOLY SOLOLOGY.

YOU SLEEP NOW, ALL OF YOU... AND YOUR LAST THOUGHTS WERE ANGUISHED... YOU SILENTLY REVILED ME FOR A MADMAN... NOT REALIZING HOW TRULY FORTUNATE YOU ARE, AND WILL BE...!



YOU COULD NOT BELIEVE THERE WOULD COME AN END TO YOUR CHERISHED PLANET...

...AS I COULD NOT... ONCE! I WAS A SCIENTIST... TRAPPED... FROZEN IN A CRYOGENIC EXPERIMENT. I AWOKE, AGES LATER, SOLE HEIR TO A WORLD WRECKED BY NUCLEAR HOLD COST. THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN AHEAD!

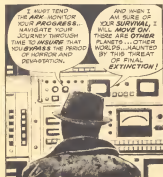


OUTSIDE, CLOUDS OF DEATH HOWER ABOVE EVERY CLUSTER OF MANKIND... SNUFF LIFE WITH THEIR BEARING LIGHT... THEIR BLEAK, TRUSTED SHADOWS.



YES, THERE IS A NOAH FOR THIS NEW CATASTROPHE! I MUST SAVE YOU PEOPLE OF A DYING EARTH AS I COULD NOT SAVE MY OWN!

YOU WILL AWAKEN TO A NEW WORLD, AND EYES THAT WITNESSED THE DESTRUCTIVENESS OF THE OLD, WILL LOOK TO A MORE CONSTRUCTIVE FUTURE!



I MUST TEND THE ARK MONITOR YOUR PROGRESS... NAVIGATE YOUR JOURNEY THROUGH TIME TO AVOID THE PERIOD OF HORROR AND DEVASTATION.

AND WHEN I AM SURE OF YOUR SURVIVAL, I WILL MOVE ON. THERE ARE OTHER PLANETS... OTHER WORLDS... HAUNTED BY THIS THREAT OF FINAL EXTINCTION!



I WILL FIND THEM... AND ONE BY ONE I WILL SAVE THEM!

I WILL REPOPULATE THE UNIVERSE AND I WILL TRY TO FORGET... THAT AMONGST ALL CREATION AND PROCREATION...

...I AM FOREVER ALONE!

# the Axe-man Cometh

CHESTER LOOKS HE MAY  
HAVE BEEN ASKED,  
BUT HE WAS NO  
FOOL.

NO ONE ELSE COULD HAVE ENVIROLED SUCH A  
BRILLIANT ESCAPE FROM THE WARDEN'S  
ARMY, BUT THEN NO ONE EVER DUBBED  
CHESTER 'COOL, CUNNING, ANALYTICAL, AND  
JUST HIS SCANTY

DESPITE HIS GUINNESS, HOWEVER, CHESTER COULD  
NOT HAVE PULLED OFF HIS DARING FLIGHT WITHOUT  
HELP.

LIVELY THAT CAME IN THE  
FORM OF THE YOUNGER  
SISTER, CLORE.

CHESTER AND CLORE HAD NEVER  
BEEN PARTICULARLY CLOSE AS  
CHILDREN, BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER  
TO CHESTER NOW. HE WAS FREE!



WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

FOR THE MOMENT WE'RE STUCK IN ANY PLACE... JUST BEYOND THE VILLAGE MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR US THERE!

BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU SOME CLOTHES. YOU'LL BE TOO EARLY SPOTTED IN THOSE!



BLOCH HAD BEEN IN A TOWN THE MOST DANGEROUS EVENT IN THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE THERE WAS AN ANNUAL INDEPENDENCE DAY PARADE!

SO WHEN CHRISTIE LOOKED KICKED IN THE COCK OF OLD HARRY'S CLOTHING STORE EVERY HEART IN TOWN LEAPED!

THANK!

BUT NO ONE HAD THE COURAGE TO GO OVER AND LOOK.



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ESCAPED FROM--!

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M THE ONE THEY CALL THE ARE-MAN!

I NEED CLOTHES, OLD MAN! I CAN BE TOO EARLY RECOGNIZED IN THERE!



THEN I SHALL FIT YOU IN ONLY MY BEST CLOTHING!

OF COURSE! I DESERVE NOTHING LESS AFTER RECKONING I AM MORE CURVED THAN THOSE MEDICAL SCAMPS!

IT IS THEY WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED IN THE CELL WARDEN... NOT I!



SUDDENLY SOMETHING CAUGHT CHRISTIE'S EYE...! SOMETHING THAT SEEMED A LOT BIGGER THAN HIM...

THERE IT IS. THE ONLY OTHER THING I REQUIRE!

I'VE FELT SO LONELY, SO EMPTY ALL THESE MONTHS... AS THOUGH PART OF MY SOUL LAY IN ITS BARE-EDGED BLADE!



IT FEELS GOOD TO FEEL IT AGAIN... FEEL THE HARD WOODEN HANDS BETWEEN MY FINGERS...

AND, AS CHESTER CARESSED THE  
AXE, ALMOST OBVIOUSLY, OLD HARRY  
SAW HIS CHANCE TO RUN...!



**ZUK!**

IT WAS THE LAST MOVEMENT HE  
WOULD EVER MAKE!

I HADN'T  
MEANT TO KILL  
YOU, BUT YOU  
CAUGHT ME OFF  
GUARD! YOU  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
SURPRISED ME  
THAT WAY!



WHAT  
HAPPENED  
IN THERE?

THE OLD  
MAN MADE  
A RUN FOR  
IT I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO  
KILL HIM...



NO SENSE  
CRYING OVER SPILLED  
BLOOD, THE POLICE WILL  
BE HERE ANY MINUTE!  
WE'D BEST PUT DISTANCE  
BETWEEN US AND THEM!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

THIS IS IT! YOU  
CAN'T STAY MORE THAN  
ONE NIGHT THOUGH THE  
COPS AREN'T! I'M YOUR  
WATER, THEY'LL BE  
CERTAIN TO CHECK  
HERE!



SO THIS IS  
THE NOTORIOUS  
AXE-MURDERER,  
EH?



I SUPPOSE  
YOU FIT THE PART.  
YOU DO HAVE KIND OF A BICK  
LOOK ABOUT YOU!



I BET YOU'RE  
NOT NEARLY AS  
TOUGH WITHOUT  
THAT AXE IN  
YOUR HAND!

PERHAPS, BUT IF  
MY AXE SHOULD FAIL, I CAN  
ALWAYS FALL BACK ON MY  
INTELLIGENCE AND WIT...  
SOMETHING WHICH SEEMS TO  
BE NOTICEABLY LACKING IN  
SOME PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM.

MEANWHILE, DEPUTY CHARLES  
SHAW WAS AMAZED, AMAZED  
THAT A TOWN AS PEACEFUL AS  
BLOCH HARBOR COULD BECOME  
SO AWED BY THE REIGN OF ONE  
OF ITS CITIZENS... EVEN ONE AS  
QUIET AND FRIENDLY AS ANDREW.

IT MADE HIM WONDER IF  
PERHAPS THERE WAS A LITTLE  
BIT OF ANDREW IN ALL OF US...  
IT ALSO MADE HIM WONDER IF  
THE AXE-ARMY WOULD STRIKE  
AGAIN BEFORE HE WAS FOUND!

1340



I THINK  
THAT THING  
GIVES YOU A  
SENSE OF  
POWER!

YOU LIKE  
POWER, AND YOU  
LIKE ATILING,  
BECAUSE YOU THRIVE  
ON THE FEEL OF  
VIOLENCE!



LAY OFF, TOM.  
HE'LL ONLY BE  
HERE ONE NIGHT.  
I'M SURE YOU CAN  
PUT UP WITH HIM  
THAT LONG!

AS FOR YOU,  
CHESTER, YOU'D BETTER  
GET SOME REST. YOU'LL  
HAVE TO GET AN EARLY  
START IN THE  
MORNING.



YOU WON'T REGRET  
THIS, CLORIS!

I'M SURE I WON'T,  
CHESTER. WHATEVER ELSE  
YOU MAY HAVE DONE, YOU ARE  
MY BROTHER. I CAN'T EVER  
FORGET THAT.



I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU HELPED HIM ESCAPE! WHETHER OR NOT THE MAN IS A BUTCHER!

I HAD MY REASONS, TOM!



WHAT REASONS? WHAT REASON COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE FOR UNRAVING A MURDERER?

YOU KNOW! WHAT HE DID TO THAT OLD MAN TONIGHT... IT WAS ON THE RADIO.



I NEED HIM AS MUCH AS HE NEEDED ME, TOM. IT WILL WORK OUT TO A MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.

THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GOING TO LOSE BY THIS LITTLE VENTURE...



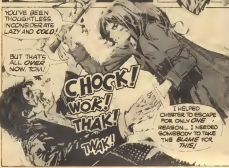
...IS YOU!



DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S BEEN LIKE LIVING WITH YOU, TOM?

N-NO!

IT'S BEEN HELL!



YOU'VE BEEN THOUGHTLESS, INCONSIDERATE, LAZY AND COLD!

BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW, TOM!

**CHOCK!**  
**WOK!**  
**THAK!**  
**TWAK!**

I HELPED CHESTER TO ESCAPE FOR ONLY ONE REASON... I NEEDED SOMEBODY TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR THIS!



TOM LAY ON THE FLOOR... A MESSY MASS OF GORE. GLORIA REACHED FOR THE PHONE BEHIND HER. HER SILENT BROTHER PICKED UP THE AXE. HE HAD HEARD EVERYTHING.

THE AXE-MAN HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

POLICE... PLEASE HELP ME!

AND INDEED, THE AXE-MAN HAD STRUCK! THEY FOUND POOR GLORIA Huddled IN THE REMS OF HER DEAD HUSBAND... WITH AN AXE BURIED DEEP IN HER BACK... WHILE CHESTER THE AXE-MAN, WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN!

MY DEAREST CHARLIE:

ALTHOUGH I AM SURE YOU WILL NEVER READ THIS LETTER, DUE TO THE MOST OBVIOUS OF CIRCUMSTANCES, SINCE OUR RATHER WRENCHING SEPARATION A WHILE BACK, I WILL ENDEAVOR TO PROCEED HERE WITH MY THOUGHTS....!



THESE "PEOPLE" (IF YOU COULD CALL THEM THAT) HERE FEEL THAT MY EXPRESSION OF INNER RANTAGES IS THERAPEUTIC AND BENEFICIAL TO MY FULL "RECOVERY" (IF YOU COULD CALL IT THAT). IMAGINE! REFERS TO CHARLIE IN THE MAGIC BALLOON AS A *FANTASY*! THEY'D JUST LOVE ME TO BEGIN THINKING OF YOU AS A PRODUCT OF MY *SICK* IMAGINATION. HA!

# the Last Chronicle

THIS, I BEGIN: IS SAD AND GREVLY MELANCHOLY HERE IN THE GOVERNMENT INSTITUTION AS I WHILE AWAY MY EQUALLY GREY EXISTANCE WAITING FOR THEM TO BELIEVE I AM FULLY *REHABILITATED*. YES, WHAT FOOLISH *DREAMS* OF ILL CONTENT I HAVE MANAGED TO SUBCONSCIOUSLY CONSTRUCT.

THE ARRESTING POLICEMEN *DENY* THEY EVER SO MUCH AS HEARD OF A BALLOON NAMED "ICARUS". OF COURSE, I REALIZE THEY WERE JUST TRYING TO HELP ME. THE COURTS WOULD SO EASER ON ME IF THERE WAS A SUSPICION OF MY *MENTAL INCOMPETENCE*.



INSTEAD I'M, AMUSINGLY, LABELED A REBELLIOUS LAWBREAKER AND "SELFISH THINKER." SO... I AM SLEEPING *INSANE*... BUT NOT *INCURABLY*, I SHOULD THINK.

SO HERE I SIT, WAITING TO CLEANSE MY BRAINS AND MEMORIES AND DREAMS OF BUBBLES AND *BALLOONS*... AND CHARLIE POPPES."

THEY GIVE ME *MEDICATIONS* THAT CLOUD MY MIND BUT THE EFFECTS ALWAYS WEAR OFF BY LATE EVENINGS AND I CAN THINK GUTS WELL AGAIN. AND IT IS THEN THAT I SIT HERE, BY MY WINDOW AND *DREAM* OF A DISTANT SEAT A *BALLOON* SUBJETTETED AGAINST THE FACE OF THE WANNING MOON... I DREAM I SEE YOUR FACE AS YOU GUIDE THE "ICARUS" WITH BIRD AND LOVING HAND ACROSS THE NIGHT SKIES OF UNTAMABLE DESTINY AND UNCAPTURABLE FREEDOM.

MY THOUGHTS ARE WITH YOU,  
MY DEAR CHARLIE, EVEN AS I  
ENVISION A CRAFT OF BRIGHTLY  
COLORED FLAGS. **FLAGS!**



THE FLAG OF ALL NATIONS WENT  
INTO THE MAKING OF THAT VERY  
SINGULAR AIR CRAFT. FLAGS OF ALL  
NATIONS...ALL MEN...FREE MEN OF GODD  
WILL AND OBEYING THAT DAMNED SULLOON  
IS MADE FROM **STOLEN FLAGS!**



YOU AND I SAUCK INTO THE VERY  
PLACES WHERE **CHAINS OF  
SLAVERY** ARE KEPT AND STOLE  
FROM THE MASTERS THE SYMBOLS  
OF FREEDOM THAT THEY HAD  
**ABOLISHED.**



THOSE FLAGS...OF ONCE FREE  
PEOPLES...WITH THOSE  
LITTLE TWIGS OF IMMORALITY  
AND ETERNAL HOPE...



...WE BUILT AN **ESCAPE  
MACHINE!** OH GOD! OH  
GOD, CHARLIE...OH GOD!



**DIDN'T WE?**

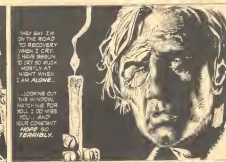


I HAVE BEGUN TO WEEP A GREAT  
DEAL OF LATE. THEY ENCOURAGE  
CRYING HERE. THEY SAY IT'S A TRUE  
SIGN OF EMOTIONAL ADMISSION OF  
MY WRONG-DONES.



THEY SAY I'M  
ON THE ROAD  
TO RECOVERY  
WHEN I CRY.  
I HAVE BEGUN  
TO CRY SO MUCH  
MOSTLY AT  
NIGHT WHEN  
I AM ALONE...

...LOOKING OUT  
THE WINDOW,  
WATCHING FOR  
YOU, I DO MISS  
YOU... AND  
YOUR CONSTANT  
HOPE SO  
TERRIBLY.



THEN I GAZE INTO THE LONELINESS  
OF THE DARK HOURS, AND ONCE  
MORE I'M THERE WITH YOU, SEEING  
YOU, BEING FREE RIGHT ALONG-SIDE  
YOU.



AT TIMES I SKIM YOU IN THE ICEBERG SAILING  
DELICIOUSLY ALONG, DIPPING DOWN LOW UPON  
THE WARM **STORMY** SEAS, TO TOUCH  
THE FROTHING LIPS OF THE WONDERFUL, SLY  
INCENT **WAVE** IN THE LAND OF THE **AMAZONS**.



OTHER TIMES, I SEE YOU GLIDING HIGH AGAINST THE BLUE  
HEAVENS ABOVE A SPANISH BULL RING, WHERE TEN THOU-  
SAND BAILY COLORED **SOMBREROS** SOAR HEERILY INTO THE  
AIR AT THE MERE SIGHT OF THE **MAGIC BALLOON**.

THEN I CAN SEE YOU SKIMMING THE SOOTY  
CHIMNEY TOPS OF LONDON, RACING THE  
CHERRING SWallows ALONG, LAUGHING  
ABOVE THE CHILL **ENGLISH DRAUGHTS**.




THEN YOU ARE LEADING OVER THE  
SIDE OF A GONDOLA AND SELECTING  
THE CHOICEST, MOST SUCCE-  
SSENT FRUITS OF THE COCONUT  
PALM, AS YOU SWIM THE **PARADISE**  
**ISLANDS** OF THE SHIMMERING  
SOUTH PACIFIC.



FROM THE RUINS  
OF ANCIENT BABY-  
LON TO THE  
TINKLING CHALET  
LIGHTS IN THE  
SWISS ALPS... THERE  
SCARS THE FREE  
WIND, THE UNCHAINED  
ONE... THE SLY  
CALLED **CHARLIE!**



CHARLIE, WITH HIS LONG HAIR  
TIED BACK... WITH HIS FRINGED  
BUCKRAM COAT... HIS SALLONS  
OF HOME MADE WINE... HIS  
TOMACOD... HIS ZEAL FOR LIVING...  
HIS LOVE FOR LIFE... HIS FUTURE...  
OF **FREEDOM**, GOD, SHALL I  
EVER TOUCH THE CHEEK OF YOUR  
LOVELY **MRS. STEPHENS, CHARLIE?**



YOUR MISTRESS OF THE SEVEN  
SEAS, THE FOUR WINDS, THE VERY  
CLOUDS IN THE SKY, THE MISTRESS  
YOU NIGHTLY EMBRACE AND DAILY  
CHERISH. OH THAT I MIGHT JUST  
TOUCH HER HANDS, KISS HER HAIR,  
GLOW LIKE A SHOOTING STAR IN HER  
GLANCE! OH, CHARLIE, **REALIZE**  
WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

PLEASE REALIZE THAT YOU UNDER-  
STAND THAT YOU HAVE WHAT **NO**  
**OTHER MAN** ON THE FACE OF  
THE EARTH HAS NOW. **KNOW**  
WHAT YOU'VE GOT AND NEVER  
TAKE IT FOR GRANTED. **WE**  
J.D. WE ALL TOOK OUR FREEDOM  
FOR GRANTED. WE ALL LOST  
SIGHT OF THE FREEDOMS  
WE ONCE KNEW...UNTIL THEY  
TOOK THEM AWAY, ONE BY  
ONE...UNTIL THERE WERE NO  
MORE FREEDOMS LEFT TO  
US! UNTIL WE WERE **DEAD!**  
BUT THE BASTARDS WOULD  
LET US **DIE!** THEY MADE US  
**LIVE!** LIVE LIKE CRAVEN  
ANIMALS, SUBJECT TO THE  
POWERS THEY DANGLED  
OVER OUR HEADS.

WHAT **MORE** COULD THEY DO TO  
US? WHAT **ELSE** COULD THEY TAKE  
AWAY? OUR VERY LIVES? NO...  
THEY WOULDN'T WANT A SINGLE  
ONE OF US TO **ESCAPE** THAT WAY!  
THEY WANT US **ALIVE!** OR...AT  
LEAST THEY WANT OUR BODIES  
ALIVE...DON'T THEY?

NO CHARLIE, NEVER LOSE  
SIGHT OF **WHO** AND  
**WHAT** YOU ARE. EVEN  
THOUGH THEY NEVER  
HAD YOU REALLY, EVEN  
THOUGH YOU NEVER  
**BELONGED** TO THEM...  
EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE  
ALWAYS AS FREE AS  
YOU ARE AT THIS MO-  
MENT, NEVER BE ANY-  
THING **LESS** THAN YOU  
ARE... **FREE!** AND  
DON'T COME BACK FOR  
**ME!** THEY'LL BE  
WAITING IF YOU DO. EVEN  
THOUGH YOUR GHOST WILL  
**HAUNT** ME TO THE GRAVE.  
I JUST WOULD YOU, MY  
FRIEND...**FORGET ME, FOR**  
**EVER.** OH GOD, I'M  
GOING TO **CRY** AGAIN.

DAMN, THEY'VE JUST BROUGHT ME MY TREATMENT AGAIN. GOD, HOW I DREAD THIS.



IT MAKES ME FEEL SO LIGHT HEADED, SO CLOUDY, SO... SAD, AND THEN TOO... IT MAKES ME REMEMBER... REMEMBER THE TRUTH.



THEN AS I IMAGINE ALL THOSE LOVELY SIGHTS YOU MIGHT BE SEEING, I REMEMBERED WHAT THEY TOLD ME THERE *ISN'T* ANY NILE ANY MORE. THEY'VE DRAINED IT UP... THERE ISN'T ANY LAND OF THE PHAROHS...



...THEY'VE BUILT HIGHWAYS AND CONDOMINIUMS. THERE AREN'T ANY BULLE LEFT. ANIMALS WERENT SUITABLE TO SHARE OUR WORLD. THERE ISN'T ANY SPAIN. ITS ALL GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS THERE IS NO LONDON. ONLY FACTORIES, STEEL, GLASS AND CONCRETE INDUSTRIAL PLANTS WHERE PEOPLE PUSH BUTTONS ALL DAY LONG. THERE ARE NO PACIFIC ISLAND PARADISES THEY WERE ALL USED UP IN ATOMIC TESTING. HURLED AWAY FROM THE SURFACE OF THE SEA, THE SEA? WHAT SEA? DRAINED USED AND POLLUTED. THERE IS NOTHING OUTSIDE. NOTHING!



THE MEDICINE MAKES ME REMEMBER THE TRUTH... AND IT DOESN'T EVER WANT TO REMEMBER THE TRUTH! I KNOW THERE *ISN'T* ANY PLACE TO RUN TO, TO FLY ABOVE, TO LEAN OVER AND GAZE AT.



THERE ISN'T ANYTHING... THEN I IMAGINE YOU AGAIN, LOST AND SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING...



ANYTHING THAT ISN'T MOVEMENT AND STEEL... COMPLICATED, HOW-ENGINEERED, DISTURBED AND CUBICALIZED... OH, FORGODFORGOD! HAVE YOU FOUND IT ALLOUT YET? HAVE YOU ESCAPED TO P?



IF THERE WERE ONLY **SOME-  
THING** I COULD DO TO MAKE  
YOU REALIZE THERE IS NO  
**MORE** WORLD OUT THERE...  
ONLY IN OUR **MINDS**.



PROGRESS DID AWAY WITH THE  
SANAGE WORLD AND MADE IT FIT  
FOR **PEOPLE** TO OCCUPY. YOU'RE  
CHASING A DREAM THAT **DIED**  
YEARS AND YEARS AGO!

OH, CHARLIE, IT WAS ALL  
**SO USELESS**. SEE HOW  
MUCH ENERGY AND EFFORT WE  
WASTED **FOOLISHLY**? WE  
**DECEIVED** OURSELVES INTO  
BELIEVING IN SOMETHING  
THAT **JUST DIDN'T EXIST!**  
WE WERE **WRONG**, CHARLIE!



WE SINNED AGAINST **SOCIETY!**  
I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT... BUT  
YOU MADE ME DO IT! OH...  
CHARLIE, THE **ONLY** PLACE LEFT  
IS **HERE**. HERE WHERE EVERYONE  
HAS A JOB, WORKS FOR THE SYSTEM,  
HAS A REASON... A PURPOSE, AND  
MOST OF ALL, **FRIENDS!**



**FRIENDS!** THAT'S RIGHT, CHARLIE!  
THE VERY PEOPLE YOU TAUGHT  
ME TO **HATE** WERE OUR  
**FRIENDS** WHO ONLY WANT TO  
HELP US WHEN WE'RE **SICK**  
AND **CONFUSED**, CHARLIE, THIS  
IS THE **REAL** WORLD, THE  
**ONLY** WORLD!



THIS IS WHERE WE BELONG. THIS  
IS WHAT WE MUST BELIEVE IN.  
YOU MUST COME BACK HERE! YOU  
MUST COME BACK, BE **RE-  
PROGRAMMED**, RE-TRAINED,  
BECOME **SOMEONE!** BE A PART  
OF THIS LIFE **THIS WORLD!**

YOU MUST COME BACK AND  
**RAY** YOUR DUES. GIVE UP  
YOUR **FOOLISH** DREAM... YOUR  
**SELFISHNESS**. GIVE YOUR-  
SELF UP AND COME BACK!



HOW CAN YOU GO ON  
WHEN THERE IS **NOTHING**  
TO GO ON TO?

I'M SURE YOU'LL REALIZE YOUR  
**MISTAKE** SOON AND WHEN YOU DO  
YOU'LL BEGIN TO FIND TRUE **HAPP-  
INESS**. YOU'LL BE HAPPY JUST TO  
BE PART OF OUR GREAT **SOCIETY'S**  
SYSTEM, CHARLIE? ...HOW **SAD** I AM  
FOR YOU. WHY DO YOU REALIZE I  
CAN'T EVEN CALL YOU BY YOUR  
**PROPER NUMBER?**



POOR FELLOW, YOU DON'T EVEN  
**HAVE** A NUMBER! WELL, WHEN  
YOU COME BACK, THEY'LL **BRAND**  
YOUR NUMBER ACROSS YOUR CHEST,  
JUST LIKE **NORMAL** PEOPLE.



WELL, I'M VERY TIRED NOW. I  
THINK I HAVE TO CRY  
AGAIN.

I'LL CLOSE THE LETTER IN  
HOPES THAT IT REACHES YOU  
WHEREVER YOU ARE AND  
MAKES YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR  
CRIME AGAINST SOCIETY  
AND YOURSELF.

I FORGIVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU  
TRIED TO DO TO ME, BUT I'M  
AFRAID THE GOVERNMENT WON'T  
BE SO FORGIVING.



THEY'LL HUNT YOU DOWN, THEY'LL  
FIND YOU, AND THEN THEY'LL DO  
WHAT'S BEST FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU!



I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THEY'LL  
FIND YOU AND DESTROY YOU SOON,  
BEFORE YOU CAN CONTAMINATE  
OTHER PEOPLE!



I ONLY WISH THEY'D HAVE GOTTEN  
YOU BEFORE YOU SOILED MY  
LIFE.



ONCE PEOPLE  
LIKE YOU  
HAVE BEEN  
EXTERMINATED  
FROM THE  
FACE OF THE  
EARTH, RECENT  
PEOPLE WILL  
BE ABLE TO  
LIVE IN PEACE  
AND ACCORD  
WITH SOCIETY.

DAMN YOU,  
# 73250  
BERNARD  
B. KERNBERG

OBSERVATION  
DECK AVAILABLE  
TO PATIENTS ONLY  
IF ACCOMPANIED  
BY A NURSE OR  
HOSPITAL STAFF



TIME FOR A  
LITTLE FRESH  
AIR.











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[illegible]

**DECEMBER** brings wooded rainforests and human sacrifices into direct conflict with **VAMPIRELLA**! As you lie high the evil Gull of Ghoree breeds hordes that year to destroy Pinnagay and capture **VAMPIRELLA** - the perfect candidate for human sacrifice by the diabolical Papa Isambard and his assistant. The glorified world of rock arenas is utterly barren for the walking dead, but in **VAMPIRELLA**'s decay a random stroll the brutal world of rock musicians. Rated by Adam, **VAMPIRELLA** wages last the against Ghoree #2197 58 75



**BLOOD WEDDING** Needs to chill over a bit as usual and strong as **RAM PLACER** is loved in the secluded castle of the mysterious Count Manderly by guests at a gothic wedding, an excellent accomplishment. **WINDFALL** and **Perthshire** find that they have been chosen to provide a deadly and merciless dramatic finale to **VAMPYRELLA** as he had scheduled her appearance in command performance as the leader the mad god she has come to fight. **THE**



**DEATHCAME** when VAMPIRELLA to it was killed, but killed anyone whose he encountered by gawking, stalks the boys on the face of the wheel. He VAMPIRELLA, too, falls victim to temptation. The sun kills her lover, the leaping water, making her smother. Against nature, she is lured into a forbidden love with a man she cannot kill... a man whose dangerous connection with the viciously evil Evil Queen, can be the undoing of the beautiful, deadly vampire? #1208/\$1

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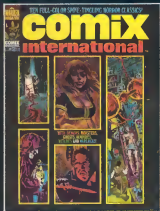
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to reality here? None? Or does it lie out there... behind your TV screen? "Black and White Vacuum to Blues?" Who is "Henry?" A demonic entity? Or a little girl's purple stuffed rabbit? The last man on earth is dead! What makes it "A Wonderful Morning?" You're the only one... crash landed on a planet of beautiful, male-starved women! And this is bad? What happens when a Child... created big, green and ugly, from carcasses of dead animals... is forced to an unspeaking world? Is what horror does his "Childhood End?" Why does Oax the Warrior, fated to failure and death, fight on? Can any man... even a man at a "Dead Run," escape death? Do monstrous marauders possess evil, twisted souls? What is sure fire insurance against lycanthropy? Why is "An Angel Ship of Hell?" And why is he smiling? The answers to these questions lie in COMIX INTERNATIONAL #3! A new magazine featuring eleven full color stories by Rick Gerben, Esteban Merata, Fernando Fernandez, Jose Bee and Jeff Jones! Sleek Magazine format! Heavy-weight paper! Quality printing! The supply is limited! Order now! COMIX INTERNATIONAL #3. \$1C13/\$3.98